



Friday 7 April, 7.30pm
St Martin's Church

SONGS OF DIVINE PASSION

Fair Oriana

Angela Hicks and Penelope Appleyard *sopranos*

Harry Buckoke *viola da gamba*

Jonatan Bougt *theorbo*

David Wright *organ*

with

Celestial Sirens

The music

Jean-Henri d'Anglebert 1629-1691

Fugue grave pour l'Orgue

François Couperin 1668-1733

Leçons de ténèbres pour le mercredi saint:
Première Leçon

Henry Purcell 1659-1695

On Our Saviour's Passion

Marc-Antoine Charpentier 1643-1704

Stabat Mater

d'Anglebert

2e Fugue sur le même Sujet

François Couperin

Leçons de ténèbres pour le mercredi saint:
Seconde Leçon

Marin Marais 1656-1728

Tombeau pour Marais Le Cadet

Chant

Crux fidelis

Tarquinio Merula 1595-1665

Canzonetta spirituale sopra alla nanna

d'Anglebert

3e Fugue sur le même Sujet

François Couperin

Leçons de ténèbres pour le mercredi saint:
Troisième Leçon

The translations

Leçons de ténèbres pour le mercredi saint

Incipit Lamentatio Jeremiae Prophetae

Here beginneth the Lamentations of the Prophet Jeremiah.

ALEPH. How lonely sits the city that was full of people!
How like a widow has she become, she that was great among the nations!
She that was a princess among the cities has become a vassal.

BETH. She weeps bitterly in the night, tears on her cheeks;
among all her lovers she has none to comfort her;
all her friends have dealt treacherously with her, they have become her enemies.

GHIMEL. Judah has gone into exile because of affliction and hard servitude;
she dwells now among the nations, but finds no resting place;
her pursuers have all overtaken her in the midst of her distress.

DALETH. The roads to Zion mourn, for none come to the appointed feasts;
all her gates are desolate, her priests groan;
her maidens have been dragged away, and she herself suffers bitterly.

HE. Her foes have become the head, her enemies prosper,
because the Lord has made her suffer for the multitude of her transgressions;
her children have gone away, captives before the foe.

Jerusalem, return to the Lord thy God

On Our Saviour's Passion

The Earth trembled, and Heav'n's clos'd Eye
Was loth to see the Lord of Glory die;
The Sky was clad in Mourning, and the Spheres
Forgot their harmony; the Clouds drop'd Tears:
Th'ambitious Dead arose to give him room,
And ev'ry Grave did gape to be his Tomb.
Th'affrighted Heav'ns sent down Elegious Thunder;
The World's Foundation loos'd to lose its Founder.
Th'impatient Temple rent her Veil in two,
To teach our Hearts what our sad Hearts should do.
Can senseless things do this, and shall not I
Melt one poor drop, to see my Saviour die?
Drill forth my Tears, and trickle one by one,
'Till you have pierc'd this Heart of mine, this Stone.

Stabat Mater

Arranged by Deborah Roberts

At the cross her station keeping,
stood the mournful mother weeping,
close to Jesus to the last

Through her heart, his sorrow sharing,
all his bitter anguish bearing,
now at length the sword had passed.

Oh how sad and sore distressed
was that mother highly blessed,
of the sole-begotten One!

Christ above in torment hangs;
she beneath beholds the pangs
of her dying glorious Son.

O, thou Mother, fount of love,
touch my spirit from above,
make my heart with thine accord.

Make me feel as thou has felt;
make my soul to glow and melt
with the love of Christ our Lord.

Christ, when thou shalt call me hence,
be Thy mother my defence,
be Thy cross my victory.

While my body here decays,
may my soul Thy goodness praise,
safe in Paradise with Thee. Amen.

Leçons de ténèbres

Vau. Et egressus est a Filia Sion

VAU. From the daughter of Zion has departed all her majesty.
Her princes have become like harts that find no pasture;
they fled without strength before the pursuer.

ZAIN. Jerusalem remembers in the days of her affliction and bitterness
all the precious things that were hers from days of old.
When her people fell into the hand of the foe, and there was none to help her,
the foe gloated over her, mocking at her downfall.

HETH. Jerusalem sinned grievously, therefore she became filthy;
all who honored her despise her, for they have seen her nakedness;
yea, she herself groans, and turns her face away.

TETH. Her uncleanness was in her skirts; she took no thought of her doom;
therefore her fall is terrible, she has no comforter.

"O Lord, behold my affliction, for the enemy has triumphed!"

Jerusalem, return to the Lord thy God

Crux Fidelis

Faithful Cross the Saints rely on,
Noble tree beyond compare!
Never was there such a scion,
Never leaf or flower so rare.
Sweet the timber, sweet the iron,
Sweet the burden that they bear!

Sing, my tongue, in exultation
Of our banner and device!
Make a solemn proclamation
Of a triumph and its price:
How the Saviour of creation
Conquered by his sacrifice!

For, when Adam first offended,
Eating that forbidden fruit,
Not all hopes of glory ended
With the serpent at the root:
Broken nature would be mended
By a second tree and shoot.

Thus the tempter was outwitted
By a wisdom deeper still:
Remedy and ailment fitted,
Means to cure and means to kill;
That the world might be acquitted,
Christ would do his Father's will.

So the Father, out of pity
For our self-inflicted doom,
Sent him from the heavenly city
When the holy time had come:
He, the Son and the Almighty,
Took our flesh in Mary's womb.

Hear a tiny baby crying,
Founder of the seas and strands;
See his virgin Mother tying
Cloth around his feet and hands;
Find him in a manger lying
Tightly wrapped in swaddling-bands!

Canzonetta spirituale sopra alla nanna

Now that it is time to sleep,
Sleep my darling and don't cry,
For a time will come when you need to cry.
So, my darling, my heart, fa la ninna na.

Close those delightful eyes
Like the other children do
Because swift, dark veils
Will soon hide the light of heaven.
So, my darling, my heart, fa la ninna na.

Take the milk from my untouched breasts
as cruel rulers will prepare for you
sourness and bitterness.
So, my darling, my heart, fa la ninna na.

My love, have this breast,
As your soft bed will take you to higher voices,
The soul and the father underneath the cross.
So, my darling, my heart, fa la ninna na.

Now rest this body so beautiful and endearing
And tender. Later, hard chains
Will give it horrible pains.
So, my darling, my heart, fa la ninna na.

These hands and feet
I look at with joy and happiness;
Alas, in different ways
Sharp nails will pierce them.
This gracious face, more rosy-red than roses,
Will take spitting and smacking
With torment and great suffering.
Ah, how your pain will despair
My heart when this head and this hair
Will feel the sharp thorns.
Ah, in this blissful bosom
Love is my delight.
To you, the scars of death will be brought
By false spears. Sleep, my son,
To relieve me, and we will see each other with
Joyful eyes in Paradise.

Now that my life is asleep,
From my heart joy erupts.
I touch and comfort you with pure spirit,
Quiet as heaven and earth.
Meanwhile, what else can I do but wait
With a bowed head
Until my baby sleeps.

Leçons de ténèbres

Jod. Manum suam misit hostis

IOD. The enemy has stretched out his hands over all her precious things; yea, she has seen the nations invade her sanctuary, those whom thou didst forbid to enter thy congregation.

CAPH. All her people groan as they search for bread; they trade their treasures for food to revive their strength. "Look, O Lord, and behold, for I am despised."

LAMED. "Is it nothing to you, all you who pass by? Look and see if there is any sorrow like my sorrow which was brought upon me, which the Lord inflicted on the day of his fierce anger."

MEM. "From on high he sent fire; into my bones he made it descend; he spread a net for my feet; he turned me back; he has left me stunned, faint all the day long.

NUN. "My transgressions were bound into a yoke; by his hand they were fastened together; they were set upon my neck; he caused my strength to fail; the Lord gave me into the hands of those whom I cannot withstand."

Jerusalem, Jerusalem, return to the Lord thy God.

The performers

Described as 'pure vocal beauty' by Classic FM, **Fair Oriana** are a soprano duo known for the purity of their voices and trademark blend. Founded by early music specialists Angela Hicks and Penelope Appleyard, they specialise in singing historical repertoire, and, in collaboration with regular teams of instrumentalists, perform chamber concerts with a hint of theatre. Their debut album 'Two Voices' was released in 2021 with VOCES8 Records. The singers enjoy collaborating with composers and commissioned three new works for the album, by Fraser Wilson and Owain Park.

They have performed at many festivals in the UK and Europe, including the Three Choirs Festival, Ryedale Festival, Brighton Early Music Festival, Sherborne Abbey Festival and Amia Alsace and have appeared twice in the Resonanzen Festival at Vienna's Konzerthaus, firstly with their Robin Hood programme and then with Handel's cantata *Aminta e Fillide*, an historically informed performance in collaboration with Opera Settecento.

Fair Oriana have appeared on Women's Radio Station's Future Classic Women Awards, BBC Radio 3, BBC Radio Norfolk and are played regularly on Ancient FM. They were delighted to be selected for Musica's International Young Artist Presentation in 2021 and to be current Making Music Selected Artists. They were finalists in the NCEM International Young Artists Competition, York in 2022.

fairoriana.com